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02x10 - Priorities, Please! (Beat the Time)

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02x10 - Priorities, Please! (Beat the Time)

by **bunniefuu** Posted: **03/29/02 07:29**

[We open with the pages of Captain Astro as Michael narrates the dialogue for us.]

Morphisto: [Michael's Voice] "So Captain Astro, this is how it ends? With a whimper. Not a bang!"

Captain Astro: "I don't know about you, Morphisto. But I get quite a bang out of it."

Morphisto: "All these years of your pursuits - from planet to planet. Over galaxies across billions of light years has exhausted me."

Captain Astro: "You'll be getting plenty of rest from now on, Morphisto - in solar solitary! What the... feeling weak ... can barely stand."

Morphisto: "Forgot to mention, my dear Captain. This planet I had you chase me to... has a deadly virus. Luckely I'm completely immune, too bad you don't. Get your shots."

Captain Astro: "Help me."

Michael: "The end of an era - Captain Astro... is dead. The End." Captain Astro is dead?!

[Diner. Mikey is telling his friends about Captain Astro's unfortunate demise.]

Emmett: Oh my god, what happen?

Michael: He died of an intergalactic virus which has no known human cure. When it sound like to you.

Brian: Cheap plot to keep you in ball for the next issue. "Captain Astro returned fromt he dead. Out on bucks for $25."

Michael: It's not gonna be a next issue. I talked to the publisher. He never bringing him back.

[Debbie turns around all smiles. She's looking at a concerned Mike.]

Debbie: Sweetheart, what's wrong?

Michael: They k*lled him.

Debbie: Who?!

Justin: Captain Astro.

Debbie: Honey, I'm so sorry. [She smacks Michael in the head.] Did you ever f*cking scare me like that again... f*ck!

Ted: Look at that this way - He lived a long and productive life must have saved the world at least 5.000 times.

Emmett: Yeah in his age he still look good in Spandex, it's quiet incheapment.

Michael: You guys can joke all you want but the word on the net is that the reason he k*lled him because people thoughed he was g*y.

Brian: Well, all he lives with Galaxy Lad for thirty years it's a chance of that.

Justin: If it's true that they k*lled Captain Astro because he's g*y they mix his dead with hate crime.

Ted: I think you get a little carried away. I mean he's not real. He's a comic book hero.

Michael: It was more than that. He was a hero for a lot of kid who don't have heros. Now he's gone.

[Lindsay and Melanie are picking out wedding stuff. This time it's the place setting and menu. Everything is very, very French.]

French woman: This is our plate special.

Mel: Translation it's called "blue plate special. Meatloaf, mashed potatoes, and iceberg lettuce with Russian dressing.

French woman: Next le menu parisian.

Lindsay: Uh lala.

French woman: (speaks french)

Mel: So how much for Marie Antoinette's last meal.

French woman: Fifty.

Mel: Let them eat wedding cake.

Lindsay: What's that?

French woman: (speaks french) Feast of feasts - it's filet mignon from New Zealand and African lobster.

Lindsay: How much?

French woman: 125.

Mel: Wow, for surf and turf?

French woman: Perhaps I should be allow you two to discussed your special day.

[Cut to l*sbian bar with the shaky cam.]

Mel: [to Leda] You should have see this. The platé.

Lindsay: It's called tasty.

Mel: It's called to rip of. I can't believe of that charge.

Lindsay: I can't believe you still carryin on about that.

Leda: So which plate you have you pick?

Lindsay: We haven't decided it yet. But I'm leaving for the Feast of feasts.

Leda: Uh, what's that?

Lindsay: Filet mignon from New Zealand and African lobster.

Mel: They fly the cow in first class.

Lindsay: It's our special day.

Mel: You don't remind me on this movement, I don't want to hear that.

Lindsay: You don't. In fact we don't had to have a sit-down diner at all. We can have a wedding right here!

Mel: Very funny(!)

Lindsay: I'm serious. We can do it from five to seven during Happy Hour. Two for one-drinks, three meal and all we can wear is a Buffalo wings! Well it will costs us about a hundred bucks, tops!

Mel: Sit down. You've been ridiculous.

Lindsay: I'm standing here. You have been who's rediculous counting every nickel and dime.

Mel: Every nickel and dime we don't have...

Leda: Girls, girls. We maybe d*kes, but remember we are still ladies.

Mel: I'm sorry if you feel that all I care is about money. But I didn't grow up like a spoiled little rich girl like you.

Lindsay: I am not a spoiled little rich girl!

Mel: Please! Your entire world view is based on Santa bringing everything you have ever asked for.

Lindsay: He didn't bring me everything I ask for. I've never have that cashmere sweater I always wanted. No, I thought that we could just onces we could be a little extravagant. But obviously you've be happier when the "Weddings for Less". But better yet not even gone through even all.

Mel: I never said that! But if it's that what you want, it's not too late!

[Lindsay storms off. Mel follows.]

Leda: [to another d*ke] Marriage - straight people deserve it.

[Schickle's Mansion - Emmett is very pleased with the blowjob he just received.]

Emmett: Where in the world did you learn that?

George: Well, in my age technique is everything.

Emmett: Technqiue. I would call that art. That was the best oral sex I have ever had.

George: Well I still don't understand you've not in Babylon with so an old guy like me. There are always beautiful young men outside there.

Emmett: For one thing most of this beautiful young men are only interested it themselves. And for another the sex is usally so fast and inpersonally you forget you had it before you get home. So you are different. Well, I got to go. I supposed to meet the boys at Babylon.

George: Babylon?

Emmett: Yeah, it's a g*y dance club.

George: I've been in a g*y dance bar once.

Emmett: Once?

George: It was years ago, in San Francisco. It was so hot and such a place. So I turned around and left.

Emmett: You're tellin' me that's the only time you have ever been in a place full of q*eers?

George: Well, I've go in the opera of course.

Emmett: C'mon.

George: Where we're goin'?

Emmett: You are coming with me.

George: Oh no. I'm not ready.

Emmett: Honey, of course you are ready. You've been ready your entire life. You just didn't know it. C'mon, put on your dancing shoes. We are goin' to Babylon!

[Babylon. Everybody's dancing holding water bottles. Justin and Brian appear to be doing some kind of drug.]

Ted: C'mon, Mike, cheer up. It's not the end of the world.

Michael: It's just a universe. I should stay at home.

Brian: And cried yourself to sleep.

Michael: If I wanted to, yes. What the f*ck of business is yours?!

Ted: Better to join the living. Have a drink.

Justin: Have a bump.

Brian: Have a boy.

Michael: In case your forgot I've seen someone.

Justin: Ben had nothing to do it with.

Michael: [to Brian] You've trained him well.

Brian: Thanks.

Ted: The kid has a point. Not tying to knock like a marry munker.

Justin: You're guys even live together.

Brian: Yeah, cheer up yourself.

Michael: Well, that's your arrangement.

Justin: What about him?

Brian: He's too tall. Him?

Justin: He's to hairy.

Ted: It's like Goldilocks.

Brian: Hey and there dancing the Three Bears.

Justin: Or we take anyone home we both have to a complete agreement.

Ted: That's were so many couple go wrong. The one want color the other wants stripes.

Justin: There is Emmett.

Brian: Who's that guy beside him?

Justin: It's the Crypt Keeper.

Michael: I think he's just your type. Not too hairy, not too tall, just right.

[Brian is unamused. Emmett introduces George to the group.]

Emmett: Hi guys, I want you to meet my new friend, George.

George: Hey guys.

Emmett: Allowed my to introduce everyone.

George: I feel like I knows your guys already. You're Ted, am I correct?

Ted: Right.

George: The Entrepreneur. You bet I try to credit you cause your website brought us together. And you, of course, are Michael - the devoted friend.

Michael: You've told him that?

George: And Justin. If I had your courage when I was in your age what different my life would have been. And there is Brian from what Emmett tells me your of a love child of James Dean and Ayn Rand.

Brian: George, can I buy you a drink?

Emmett: No, we came here to dance! C'mon George, let's boogy.

[They enter the dance floor.]

Michael: Look at them go.

Ted: Yeah, he keep his cholosterin down.

Justin: You think they actually doing it?

Brian: Why? You got problem with older men, kid?

[On the dance floor.]

George: It's like a dream. I can't believe what I'm missin'!

Emmett: Me neither!

[On the bar]

Justin: Check out the dirty blond of the white sweater.

Brian: How you already know what I like.

Justin: Your older man always go for the same type. I'll get him.

[As Justin and the trick dive into the crowd, Justin turns and makes an excited face at Brian. Blue neon lights. Brian's on his back, sweaty in bed. Pan down his sweaty body to the head giving him...well, head. Justin's riding someone. Brian laughs]

Brian: You have great taste.

[The head pops up: it's Justin's trick.]

Guy: Thanks.

Brian: Not you, him.

[Brian pointing at Justin, who's riding the trick.]

[Ben's listening to Michael, who's still upset about Captain Astro. They're in bed, facing the wrong way.]

Michael: First time I saw him I was 10 years old. I went out for Fisher's drugstore and there it was. "Adventures of Captain Astro". I never had heard about him. He wasn't famous as Superman or Spiderman. I think that's what attractive me. Just I was the guy whos discovered him.

Ben: Or maybe it was the giant bulges in his tights.

Michael: After I picked up I was break down. My mom yelled over the stores baker 'Michael Notovny get the a*s on the check-out'. So I stuffed it in front of my cords.

Ben: You stole Captain Astro?

Michael: There wasn't extra money for comics. Since I get home I ran up in my room and finished it. It was all about that Astro would never lie or cheer or steal. Since I read that I rode back at my bike to Fisher's drugstore and I told Mr.Fisher that I swiped it. I was sure he would call the cops. But instead he reached in his pocket and hold out two quarters and he put in at the cash register and he handed me back the comic. Then I goes home. My mom was probably worried about me.

Ben: You're a good man, Michael Novotny. Even if you are a petty crook.

[He kisses Michael's head, but Michael remains motionless.]

[The Happy Fun House. Mel lowers the newspaper she's holding (it blares an Aida ad). Linds comes in with breakfast - only for herself.]

Mel: Where is mine?

[Linds says nothing. She's searching for the newspaper.]

Lindsay: Can I have the Arts and Leisure section?

Mel: I'm reading it.

Lindsay: In six years I known you never read the Arts and Leisure section.

Mel: Well, I'm reading it today.

[phone rings. Lindsay won't answer it so that Mel has to so Lindz can steal back the Arts and Leisure section. Which she does.]

Mel: Hello? Hang on, it's for you.

[Mel steals back the section.]

Lindsay: Hello? Hi mom. You have my message? That's good. But she left it to me. She wanted me to wear it. Well, it's real mean it to me, mom! And it's not your place to refused mother!

[she hangs off.]

Mel: Now what?

Lindsay: She won't let me have my granny wedding dress.

Mel: What?!

Lindsay: She said if granny knew a l*sbian was wearing her dress, she'd die.

Mel: Thought she already did. Honey.

Lindsay: It meant a lot to me to get married in her dress.

[Mel kisses Lindsay's head and pulls her to her chest.]

Mel: I know baby, I know.

[Debbie's taking out the trash behind the diner wearing an "IT'S ALL ABOUT ME" t-shirt. She opens the dumpster. There's a body inside.]

Debbie: Holy sh*t!

[She says nothing as she looks around for somebody, anybody, to tell her what she's supposed to do next. "Uh," she says at one point. But mostly she stands and blinks as the roar of the highway rushes nearby.]

[Someone takes a photograph of the crime scene. The body is now out of the dumpster and on a stretcher.]

Cop: No wallet, no ID.

Det.Horvath: You search the dumpster?

Cop: Yeah. And there is nothing.

Det.Horvath: Search it again. [to Debbie] You mind if you ask you a few questions...[he look on her button] Debbie?

Debbie: Not if I ask you one first. What the f*ck is happen?

Det.Horvath: Looks like somebody strangled the victom and tossed him in the trash. What time do you say you found him?

Debbie: 15, 20 minutes ago. When I called you. How long do you think he's in there?

Det.Horvath: Six, seven hours from the look of it. You have seen him before?

Debbie: Yes, he...

[Justin starres at the victim.]

Debbie: [to Justin] Sunshine, don't look!

Det.Horvath: Sunshine?

Debbie: Yeah, that's what I called him. You got a problem with that?

Det.Horvath: What about him? Has he got a name?

Debbie: Spanish Omelet.

Det.Horvath: What?

Debbie: Extra crispy home fries and toasts. I only knew him by his order.

Det.Horvath: Looks like we got a Jane Doe.

Debbie: What you just say?

Det.Horvath: Cop talk.

Debbie: Oh, you know just because you found a body on Liberty Avenue doesn't give you the right to make f*g jokes. The boy in the trash was somebodies son.

Det.Horvath: Yeah, I'm sure he made his mother proud.

Debbie: Well, I'm the proud mother of a g*y son. If you a h*m* prick...

Det.Horvath: The name is Horvath. H-O-R-V-A-T-H. File a complaint.

[Michael walks up with the g*ng.]

Michael: Ma, you're okay?

Debbie: [to Det.Horvath] This is my g*y son, Michael. I just telling this nice officer all about you.

Ted: Jesus, what happened?

Emmett: My god, is he dead?

Brian: What the hell you served him, Deb?

Det.Horvath: Anyone noticed this guy?

Justin: I do. I danced with him onces in Babylon.

Det.Horvath: I don't supposed you got his name?

Justin: No...

Brian: Well, I'm starved. Let's eat.

[They walk back into the diner as the victim's body is covered.]

[Inside the diner.]

Brian: Did you see what he's wearing?

Emmett: Leather pants, tank top.

Brian: Yeah, my theory is who ever k*lled him want make some fashion statement.

Ted: I think it was crime of passion. His boyfriend discovered that he was unfaithful so set him out. Say, maybe tonight some secret spot. When he gets there his boyfriends steps out of shadows and strangled him.

Emmett: I think you have seen too many operas.

Ted: I'm goin' tonight, I have an extra ticket if you wanna go?

Brian: I'm rather in the dumpster.

Emmett: So what to you think he was? Who k*lled him? Do you think they had sex first?

Brian: I hope so. It's always better you come before you go.

[Emmett laughs, and we can see the bacon bits in his mouth. Debbie is pissed off by Brian's joke, and tosses the plates down.]

Brian: What's wrong with you?

Debbie: That's my question.

[Debbie looks up when she hears Michael asking another customer to sign his petition.]

Michael: Just sign here. We're gonna show them that life is valuable, g*y or straight.

Debbie: Well thank goodness somebody running what happens seriously. I'm so proud of you, sweetheart.

Michael: Thanks Ma, you want to sign?

Debbie: Damn right I will. Give me that pen.

[she sees that it's a petition to bring back Captain Astro.]

Debbie: "Bring Back Captain Astro"? What the f*ck is this?

Michael: It's a petition that the publisher just bring him back.

Debbie: What is the matter with all of you? A boy was found outside dead! Stuffed in the garbage! Like yesterdays mash potatoes and you making a joke out of it?! Is that how little you think about his life? How little you think about your own? I expected more from you than that. A lot more. [to Michael] Especially from you. I mean when you more cared about a character in a comic book than a human being.

[She storms off. The boys quietly go back to their meals.]

[Up in the attic where Old l*sbian Artifacts and Anvils are hidden in trunks...]

Lindsay: You gonna love it strapless and tie around the waste, so buttons run about the back and small flower applicated.

Mel: What the hell...

Lindsay: What?

Mel: You just say you describing the dress for being arrange for breaking an entery.

Lindsay: I have a key from the front door.

Mel: Well let's find it and get the f*ck out of here before your parents comes home.

Lindsay: I remember it's on an old wooden trunk.

Mel: You're grandmother from a trunk?

Lindsay: My family came over on the Mayflower.

Mel: In my family 'Mayflower' is a movin' van. Oh, look what I found.

Lindsay: That's it. It's gone! Banished.

Mel: The chance your grandmother Faye is a Hudini?

Lindsay: Well she show my that dress when I was a litte girl. She always put it back in here.

Mel: All it's left are these pile papers and these letters. July 28, 1943. "Dear Faye, what a glorious day lying with you on the shore of Few Beach. Feeling this sun on my back as we both fell asleep. But Harry awesome in the Pacific all is do worried. The only time I feel save is when I'm with you. I'm always Vera."

Lindsay: "I'm always Vera".

Mel: Vera Carmichael. All of them.

Lindsay: She never mention any Vera. "December 24, 1943. Dear Faye, I'm sitting here in front of the fire, eating cake and singing Christmas charol on the radio. Like a good housewife waiting for my husband to come home from w*r. Except it's a lie. I don't belong here all with Harry. I only was to be with you, to talk with you, to be held by you."

Mel: "Be held by you." Sounds like a hell of a friend.

Lindsay: Unless she never talked about her. "Talk with you, to be held by you, kiss you,... to make love with you."

Mel: Holy sh*t! Granny Faye was a...

Lindsay: d*ke.

[Schickles Mansion. George plays on the piano.]

Emmett: So Georgy, where shell we've been tonight? There is be a Contest in "The Eagle" and "What Jockstrap you believe look awesome", uh Nipple Night.

George: All sounds delightfully paste it but perhaps you should go without me.

Emmett: Well, that wouldn't be nearly as much fun. Georgie, you alright?

George: I'm fine, I'm alright, I just tired.

Emmett: Well, you need just your dance legs. What's this? [He finds an invitation on the floor.]

George: Uh, it's an invitation.

Emmett: Uh, it's pretty fance.

George: For the opera gala tonight.

Emmett: The opera. I've never been in the opera. My friend Teddy adores it.

George: You want my tickets?

Emmett: Don't you wanna go?

George: Uh, I've been there in years. Not since I came out.

Emmett: Well maybe it's time to go out.

George: No, it's too difficult, too painful. You know everyone watch me. And besides my wife Virginia guardes the door to the hall like Ceberus.

Emmett: So, what say we and go together?

George: I don't want to talk about her anymore.

Emmett: Sure, but you know what I say if somebody would try to stop me from doin' something I love.

George: f*ck 'em all?

Emmett: You got it, baby.
[Cut to Mikey's job, but nobody's working. Brian lights a candle under the cutout of Captain Astro and begins delivering a eulogy.]

Brian: He was a good man, a loving man. Everyone who knew him was moved by his kidness and generossity.

Michael: What the f*ck are you doin'?

Brian: I deliviering a hymne. Same one in fact the priester say at my father's funeral.

Michael: Well, you don't know about Captain Astro.

Brian: As much as the priester know about him.

Michael: Well then you have no right to speak for him. You think it's true?

Brian. What true?

Michael: What my mom said.

Brian: That she know that you a q*eer when you were 5 years old?

Michael: That I more care about a character in a comic book than I do about a real person.

Brian: So, what if you do?

Michael: Well, some might say my priorities would slightly f*cked up.

Brian: Yeah? But no sh*t. I mean you've known the Captain your entire life, you never laid eyes on dumpster boy until this morning. So how upset you supposed to do? You remembered this Ret*rded Captain Astro club you start in third grade?

Michael: Yeah, you the only one who joined.

Brian: I felt sorry for you.

Michael: Yeah, thanks.

Brian: This lameless T-Shirt with Captain Astro logo you made from the market?

Michael: It rans when you sweet it.

Brian: And that was your youth, Mikey. Captain Astro was your hero. So, you mourn are you f*ck' one.

[l*sbian Letter-Reading Circle on the attic.]

Lindsay: "May 8th, 1945. Dear Faye, I'm looking out my window and I see children running down the street. They leaving little flaggs. In the distance I can hear carhorns. I guess it must be true. The day we all hoped and prayed for is finally here. The w*r is over. But we've lost. Soon Harry would come home. He wrote me that he wants to move to Fresno. Plenty of cheap lands for GIs to built houses and raised their families. I know I said when the time was came I would tell him about us but I can't. Please understand it's not because I don't love you. But I'm not as brave as you. Forgive me, Vera." She left Granny and get back to her husband.

Mel: Times are different then. So, it's what women had to do. They had no choice.

[Opera. Emmett is giving George the recap of Aida to make sure he caught everything.]

George: The point of the story is the passion transcent all of the material world.

Emmett: Well then he should go to the c*ck divice surgery and check out all these hunky sl*ve boys.

[Ted is shocked to see Emmett at the opera.]

Ted: I don't believe it!

Emmett: Hi Teddy.

Ted: Look at you, all spiffed up.

Emmett: Oh yeah, George got it for me. A feel like...

Ted: ...a million bucks.

Emmett: A head waiter.

George: I feel you look very handsome. As to you, Ted.

Ted: Oh, thank you, George.

Emmett: Isn't he a charmer?

George: So, enjoy you the production?

Ted: Well I'm glad I brought these [opera glasses]. From where I'm sitting it looks like singing flee circus.

Emmett: Well that's a shame. We're in the Founders' Box.

George: I hope you join us for a glas champagner.

Ted: Don't mind if I do.

Virginia: George!

George: Virginia!

Virginia: Well, it's been years since you've been here.

George: I know.

Virginia: Your looking well.

George: So are you. Well so allow me to introduce my friends, Emmett, Ted, my former wife Mrs.Hammond.

Ted: Hammond's Hams.

Virginia: That's right.

Ted: I've packed away a lot of your pork.

Virginia: So what prompted you to unexpected emerge from your self-imposed exile?

Emmett: I did. George and I are having a fabulous time. He's a wonderful companion.

Virginia: And how did you meet? Are you his hairdressers, decoreter, pool boy?

Emmett: Actually we're met on the internet. I whack off on his website. I'm the demon d*ck of dot-com.

Virginia: How fascinate. We must pay you quite handsome.

Emmett: Oh no. No, no. He doesn't pay me at all. I wouldn't take it when he did. The reason I'm with George is he gives spectacular head. A skill I'm certain not learning from you.

[Virginia gives the Rich Lady's Gasp as Emmett pulls Schickle back to the second act.]

Emmett: C'mon, George, we don't miss the second act.

Ted: [to Virginia] How 'bout that Verdi?

[Brian's loft. Brian and Justin are shirtless.]

Justin: You think he knew who k*lled him?

Brian: Who? Who the f*ck do I know?

Justin: Maybe we know him. Maybe we could f*cked him.

Brian: That'll be hot.

Justin: Like that guy the other night. We didn't know him. We didn't anything about him. He could have done anything to us.

Brian: The first time you came here you didn't know anything about me. And I didn't anything about you.

Justin: I was pretty sure you're gonna f*ck me.

Brian: Then what?

[Brian lowers himself to the bed. There's a pause and then Brian pounces on Justin with some force. Justin's laughing hesitantly, allowing Brian to overpower him, threatening to choke him.]

Brian: What if...

[Brian licks Justin's torso down to his waist, back up over his nipple and settles on his neck. His other arm pins Justin's right hand to the bed. Brian grabs Justin's neck with both hands.]

Brian: What if...I start strangled you?

[Justin gasps and struggles against Brian's hands, but he's not scared.]

Justin: I rather you choke my with your d*ck.

Brian: You could have been dead.

Justin: Cut it out.

[Brian sits up.]

Brian: You came here not knowing what gonna happen that's part of the thrill. It's what made you hard. Your hard know just thinking about it. The danger. The excitement.

Justin: [moans] f*ck me!

[George and Emmett are in the back of Schickle's limo.]

George: Don't be so upset. The seal of this opera is their love will live on all eternity.

Emmett: I don't care about them. It's you.

George: Me?

Emmett: I never should have talked to your wife that way. I didn't mean so such a nasty queen. Now thanks to me we are banish from the opera for all eternity.

George: Thanks to you I'm planning to attend every opening this season. Hopfully with my hunky sl*ve boy on my side.

Emmett: You're not angry?

George: Angry? I never saw Virginia open her mouth that wide. Who know maybe if she did, we'd still be together. Oh god, what a revelation you are. In the past few weeks alone than I have in the past... years.

Emmett: So what's the next time you do?

George: Rigoletto.

[Mel and Linds House. Mel's coming downwards.]

Mel: You're coming to bed?

Lindsay: In a minute. There is one more letter.

Mel: It's never been opened. "Dear Faye. I known it's been years since I written you. Harry died last week. We are married for 50 years. It's a good marriage. We shared my things. But at the funeral I could stop thinking what different my life would have been if... if what? If I had the courage to say yes, to be honest. To express what I truly felt like the time we share the day at the Shore Beach. I've always loved you Faye. And even known it's been a lifetime I want you to know I still to. You're always were and always will be my true love. Vera."

Lindsay: March 10th, 1994.

Mel: So?

Lindsay: Granny Faye died in 1992.

Mel: She never got to read it.

Lindsay: Or know that Vera always loved her.

Mel: I'm suddenly in the mood for surf and turf.

Lindsay: You are?

Mel: I said we go for the menu.

Lindsay: It's much money. We could land in the poorhouse.

Mel: It's our special day. Besides Grannie Faye would have wanted us to.

[Michael stands on a rooftop overlooking Babylon. He's depressed. Ben's on the rooftop.]

Ben: Checking out the action?

Michael: Everything is the same. Business as usual.

Ben: What did you expect?

Michael: That things would stopped, or even for one night. That would be a protest or candle light vigil or something.

Ben: They don't think about it. Or g*y-bashing or A*DS or getting the other sh*t we all have to live with.

Michael: So we're supposed to go on the same way? Dancing, drinking, doin' drugs, getting d*ck sucked? He deserves to be remembered. At least for a minute.

Ben: I tell you what. We have our own candle light vigil.

Michael: It's awesome.

Ben: Turn it off. Open that door.

Michael: Any moment anyone of us pick up the wrong guy or get in the wrong plane or step off the curb just as the bus is barelin down the street. You ever get scared?

Ben: Well then I meditate. I do Yoga and excerciece like a vient. I free my mind 30 seconds, it's worth them. I have someone to hold at night helps as well.

[Michael smiles. Ben puts his arm around him.]

[Outside Babylon. Brian has picked up a trick. Justin follows.]

Justin: Hey, where d'you goin'?

Brian: Uh, Tony, Tommy, Timmy here's invited me over to his house to see his stamp collection.

Justin: You're don't even know his name. What's your name?

Tony/Tommy/Timmy: What's it to you?

Justin: [to Brian] C'mon, let's go home.

Brian: Are you scarin' I got m*rder*d?

Justin: Brian, please!

Brian: It's never been a hard time to f*ck a stranger.

Tony/Tommy/Timmy: Hey, we're young?

Brian: I'll be alright.

[Brian and TommyTonyTimmy walk into pink fog very slowly as Chemical Brothers blast # Song Out Of Control]

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